

THE JARR FAMILY

ROY L. MCARDLELL

"PEOPLES are funny," said Mr. Jarr reflectively. "We get away from the simple things of life in our thoughts, and yet, after all, life only consists of something to eat, something to wear and a place to sleep. All mankind must have these three things, and all mankind gets them in a varying degree of better or worse."

"What are you talking about?" asked Mrs. Jarr.

"I'm talking about this discussion about 'How can we make others love us?' that's running in the papers," said Mr. Jarr.

"I think it's very interesting," said Mrs. Jarr. "Of course, you don't think so, because all a man thinks of is whether he has a good dinner or a good bed."

"Of course they do," was the reply. "But this is only to make a woman look more attractive in the eyes of the one she loves."

"Huh!" snorted Mr. Jarr. "I guess not. A woman dresses like that not so much to please those she likes, but to make those she doesn't like envious."

"That isn't so!" said Mrs. Jarr promptly.

"It is true," said Mr. Jarr. "How many times have I heard you say that you felt mortified because people you don't like have met you when you were wearing an old dress and an old hat?"

"That's because it appears to please them to think you are shabby and can't afford anything better," said Mrs. Jarr.

"Treating any one like as if he were 'one of the family' means you let him see you in your old duds or give him a picked-up dinner, but the more you dislike a person the better you dress for them and the more you put yourself out for them."

"But that's no sign you do not love them," said Mrs. Jarr quickly, "and if they do not care enough for you to take you just as you are or to put up with what is good enough for you, then their friendship and regard aren't worth having."

"So it is a vital question, then?" said Mr. Jarr. "For those that love us we make no added effort to please. Those that do not love us we dress for and entertain in the hope they will love us. We want others to love us, then?"

"Certainly not!" said Mrs. Jarr. "If people do not love me for myself, I'm surely not going to put myself out to make them love me. I don't want such love."

"Oh, but you do!" said Mr. Jarr. "The question betrays a very human trait. Most of us want everybody to love us, but we do not care to take the trouble to love everybody."

"We'd be very foolish to do so," said Mrs. Jarr. "The few we do love worry the life out of us. If you are out of my sight I'm worrying over what you are doing or if anything has happened to you, and it's the same with the children. It's a good thing we do not love everybody. We'd be most unhappy."

"But if we loved everybody, perhaps we wouldn't worry," said Mr. Jarr. "It is loving one person so acutely that makes all the trouble."

"Loving everybody and not worrying wouldn't be loving," said Mrs. Jarr. "People who only love themselves get along the best."

"But are they happy?" asked Mr. Jarr.

"Certainly they are," said Mrs. Jarr. "It's only when we love others that we are unhappy."

"Do you know," said Mr. Jarr, "that the older I grow the more I believe that I don't love anybody—Except you and the children, of course!" he added hastily.

But it was too late. Mrs. Jarr was hurt.

"How can you talk that way, Edward Jarr?" she said, and before he could answer she turned as if to walk away.

"I meant to say," said Mr. Jarr, "that as we grow older we realize—"

"No, don't try to excuse yourself," said Mrs. Jarr in a hurt tone. "I'm glad that at least you admit it."

"Admit what?" asked Mr. Jarr.

"That you don't care for me, that you don't care for the children, that you only care for yourself!" said Mrs. Jarr.

"I didn't say anything of the kind!" said Mr. Jarr hastily. "I never saw such a person as you are to take offense when none is intended."

"You started to say it, to say that you didn't care for any one but yourself," replied Mrs. Jarr.

"Dog gone it!" exclaimed Mr. Jarr. "What a silly fool I am to try and discuss anything with you!"

"That's right! Abuse me now! Tell me you hate me and are tired of me!" then abuse me!" sobbed Mrs. Jarr.

"I tell you I don't care for anybody in the world but you!" said Mr. Jarr.

"Well, do I care for anybody in the world but you?" asked Mrs. Jarr.

"Certainly not!" said Mr. Jarr. "Then you don't care if other people love me or not?"

"It would be nice," said Mrs. Jarr. "It might make you appreciate me a little more!"

"I don't know," said Mr. Jarr. "I don't know if I should care for you or not. I don't know if I should care for you or not. I don't know if I should care for you or not."

"I don't know," said Mr. Jarr. "I don't know if I should care for you or not. I don't know if I should care for you or not. I don't know if I should care for you or not."

"I don't know," said Mr. Jarr. "I don't know if I should care for you or not. I don't know if I should care for you or not. I don't know if I should care for you or not."

"I don't know," said Mr. Jarr. "I don't know if I should care for you or not. I don't know if I should care for you or not. I don't know if I should care for you or not."

"I don't know," said Mr. Jarr. "I don't know if I should care for you or not. I don't know if I should care for you or not. I don't know if I should care for you or not."

"I don't know," said Mr. Jarr. "I don't know if I should care for you or not. I don't know if I should care for you or not. I don't know if I should care for you or not."

"I don't know," said Mr. Jarr. "I don't know if I should care for you or not. I don't know if I should care for you or not. I don't know if I should care for you or not."

"I don't know," said Mr. Jarr. "I don't know if I should care for you or not. I don't know if I should care for you or not. I don't know if I should care for you or not."

"I don't know," said Mr. Jarr. "I don't know if I should care for you or not. I don't know if I should care for you or not. I don't know if I should care for you or not."

"I don't know," said Mr. Jarr. "I don't know if I should care for you or not. I don't know if I should care for you or not. I don't know if I should care for you or not."

"I don't know," said Mr. Jarr. "I don't know if I should care for you or not. I don't know if I should care for you or not. I don't know if I should care for you or not."

"I don't know," said Mr. Jarr. "I don't know if I should care for you or not. I don't know if I should care for you or not. I don't know if I should care for you or not."

"I don't know," said Mr. Jarr. "I don't know if I should care for you or not. I don't know if I should care for you or not. I don't know if I should care for you or not."

"I don't know," said Mr. Jarr. "I don't know if I should care for you or not. I don't know if I should care for you or not. I don't know if I should care for you or not."

"I don't know," said Mr. Jarr. "I don't know if I should care for you or not. I don't know if I should care for you or not. I don't know if I should care for you or not."

"I don't know," said Mr. Jarr. "I don't know if I should care for you or not. I don't know if I should care for you or not. I don't know if I should care for you or not."

"I don't know," said Mr. Jarr. "I don't know if I should care for you or not. I don't know if I should care for you or not. I don't know if I should care for you or not."

"I don't know," said Mr. Jarr. "I don't know if I should care for you or not. I don't know if I should care for you or not. I don't know if I should care for you or not."

"I don't know," said Mr. Jarr. "I don't know if I should care for you or not. I don't know if I should care for you or not. I don't know if I should care for you or not."

"I don't know," said Mr. Jarr. "I don't know if I should care for you or not. I don't know if I should care for you or not. I don't know if I should care for you or not."

"I don't know," said Mr. Jarr. "I don't know if I should care for you or not. I don't know if I should care for you or not. I don't know if I should care for you or not."

"I don't know," said Mr. Jarr. "I don't know if I should care for you or not. I don't know if I should care for you or not. I don't know if I should care for you or not."

"I don't know," said Mr. Jarr. "I don't know if I should care for you or not. I don't know if I should care for you or not. I don't know if I should care for you or not."

"I don't know," said Mr. Jarr. "I don't know if I should care for you or not. I don't know if I should care for you or not. I don't know if I should care for you or not."

"I don't know," said Mr. Jarr. "I don't know if I should care for you or not. I don't know if I should care for you or not. I don't know if I should care for you or not."

"I don't know," said Mr. Jarr. "I don't know if I should care for you or not. I don't know if I should care for you or not. I don't know if I should care for you or not."

"I don't know," said Mr. Jarr. "I don't know if I should care for you or not. I don't know if I should care for you or not. I don't know if I should care for you or not."

"I don't know," said Mr. Jarr. "I don't know if I should care for you or not. I don't know if I should care for you or not. I don't know if I should care for you or not."

"I don't know," said Mr. Jarr. "I don't know if I should care for you or not. I don't know if I should care for you or not. I don't know if I should care for you or not."

"I don't know," said Mr. Jarr. "I don't know if I should care for you or not. I don't know if I should care for you or not. I don't know if I should care for you or not."

"I don't know," said Mr. Jarr. "I don't know if I should care for you or not. I don't know if I should care for you or not. I don't know if I should care for you or not."

"I don't know," said Mr. Jarr. "I don't know if I should care for you or not. I don't know if I should care for you or not. I don't know if I should care for you or not."

"I don't know," said Mr. Jarr. "I don't know if I should care for you or not. I don't know if I should care for you or not. I don't know if I should care for you or not."

"I don't know," said Mr. Jarr. "I don't know if I should care for you or not. I don't know if I should care for you or not. I don't know if I should care for you or not."

"I don't know," said Mr. Jarr. "I don't know if I should care for you or not. I don't know if I should care for you or not. I don't know if I should care for you or not."

"I don't know," said Mr. Jarr. "I don't know if I should care for you or not. I don't know if I should care for you or not. I don't know if I should care for you or not."

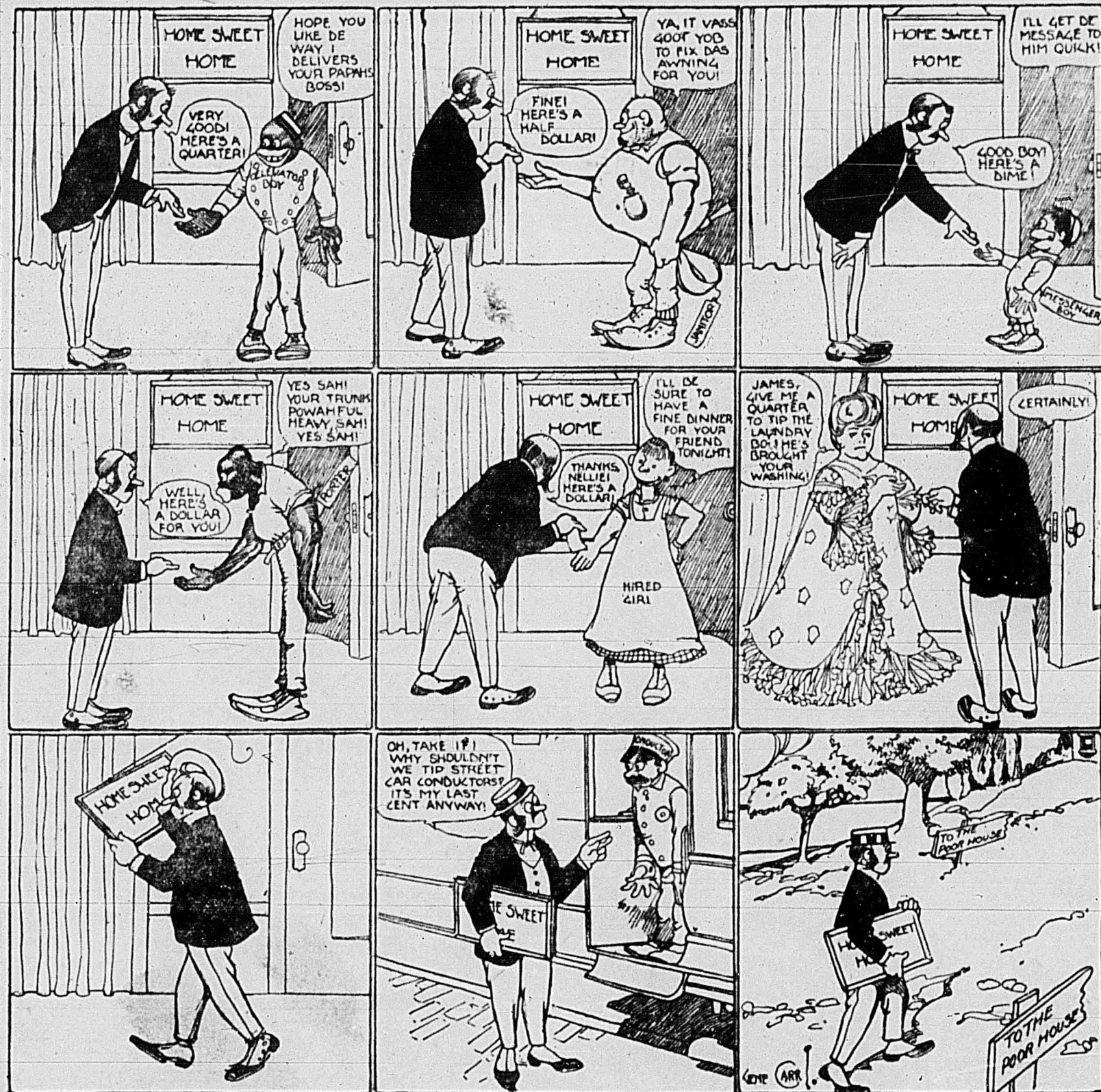
Home, Sweet Home!

L2

L2

L2

By Gene Carr



Under Two Flags.

Gertrude Barnum Talks To Girls

On Obedience.

THIS morning a mother was feeding a two-year-old child dirty cakes, green bananas and milk out of an unpleasant-looking bottle. When she offered lemonade on top of the feast the child resisted, firmly refusing obedience to the coaxing and commands of her foolish parent.

It would be a good thing if older girls had the sense and will-power to refuse the indigestible mental and moral messes which are often offered them by their elders as food for the mind and soul.

"I don't want you taking up with any of those now-fangled notions," says a father to his daughter; so she opens her mouth obediently and swallows the old doses of superstition. "I want you to be and act like other girls," says the mother; so this girl continues to accept the daily diet by which others grow in favor with the petty, commonplace minds about them. Some daughters merely pretend to embrace the doctrines they are expected to believe and continually act a part, for the sake of peace, training themselves in cowardice and hypocrisy. Obedience is a virtue only when rendered to wisdom and righteousness superior to our own, and the admonition, "Children, obey your parents," should often be qualified.

Respect Due to Parents.

Great respect and love we owe to those who have made the hard struggle with life for us, who have given us birth, nourishment and tender care, who try to save us from mistakes and to secure for us the richest blessings. Parents by their experience and love are usually equipped with much wisdom for our guidance. But the mature girl of true character, while weighing their advice, acts at last upon her own belief and judgment.

In America, perhaps, young people are not in as much danger of subjecting their wills to their elders as in other lands. Often it is quite the other way. We frequently see, for instance, a young woman treating her foreign parents with contempt, because she has been the first to pick up the language and customs of our country. And many a little "Miss Newbyrd" is to-day ruling an American household to the utter demoralization not only of that household, but also of her own character, developing a thirst for absolute power which will only bring the severest disappointments and punishments in later life. It was not entirely a joke when, the other day, a gentleman wrote in the autograph album of his little daughter: "Your obedient father, John Brown Smith."

However, acting upon one's own judgment, carefully made up after respectful consideration of the judgment of others, is quite different from ignorant disrespect and blind, tyrannical wilfulness.

Where Obedience Ceases.

Shakespeare in his play "King Lear" tells with beautiful pathos the story of a daughter who, while loving her father tenderly through all vicissitudes of life, yet refuses to be untrue to herself, even from filial devotion. King Lear expects abject obedience to his command for flattery's sake, but Cordelia lovingly protests: "I lack that gift and duty to speak, and poorer not." As we read the touching play our hearts ache with pity for the "Poor old man, a full of grief as age; wretched in both." Still, we feel Cordelia's truth to her father to be nobler than mere hypocritical obedience.

Our chief duty to our parents is to so live that the life they gave us shall not be spent in vain. Carrying reverently and safely the heritage of the past, we must add to it our own particular truth, beauty and goodness and transmit to posterity a richer inheritance than we have ourselves received.

It may seem heresy to believe in disobedience; but the heresy of one generation is often the orthodoxy of the next. If sure of right convictions, let us tenderly, lovingly dare to be true to those convictions, confident that though it may bring misunderstanding and sorrow temporarily, at last it will be recognized as the highest proof of filial honor, as in Shakespeare's beautiful story of King Lear and Cordelia.

By Ouida

MERRY GO ROUND PUZZLE



WHILE taking his morning constitutional in the saddle Willie discovered an interesting little problem concerning the number of his travelling companions.

Says Willie:

"I observed that three-quarters of the number that rode ahead of me added to one-third the number that came after me equalled the number of all the 'kids on the whirligig'."

How many whirling "kids" were there?

For answer see to-morrow's Evening World.

HINTS FOR THE HOME

Fudge Cake.

ONE cup sugar; two-thirds cup butter, three eggs, one cup milk, two and one-half cups flour, two heaping teaspoonsful of baking powder; one-quarter cup of chocolate, one-half cup of English walnuts, broken up coarsely; cream the butter and sugar together, add the cup of milk, and stir in lightly the flour, into which the baking powder has been sifted; stir in the chocolate, which has been dissolved by placing in a cup and setting in hot water. Add the nuts, and, last, the eggs, which should be beaten whites and yolks, separately.

Angel Pudding.

ONE pound English walnuts, seven ounces of powdered sugar, three teaspoons baking powder, mixed with sugar, one ounce dates, whites of five eggs, well beaten. Break walnuts fine and out dates in small pieces, add sugar and whites of eggs last. Bake in moderate oven twenty to thirty minutes. Serve with whipped cream.

Strawberry Pudding.

ONE-half cup sugar, one egg, one tablespoon of butter, cream together. Add good one-half cup of milk, one teaspoon baking powder in pour to make rather stiff batter, a pinch of salt and nutmeg, steam twenty out in slices, and spread with

butter and crushed berries, well sweetened.

Currant Marmalade.

SIX pounds of currants, six oranges, one and one-half pounds seedless raisins, five pounds granulated sugar. Cut the oranges in fine pieces, being careful to remove the seeds. Mix fruit with sugar and cook forty minutes. Put in pint jars or jelly glasses.

Cool Summer Dish.

TAKE one quart of currant juice, a small piece of stick cinnamon, put on fire. When boiling stir in one-half cup of sugar; cook five minutes and stir all the time; sweeten to taste. Pour in fruit dish, put in ice box. When cold serve with milk or cream.

Jellied Chicken.

ALLOW jelly to cool in a ring mould. When ready to serve turn out and add a good sized onion and broken English walnut meats. Mix with French dressing and serve on lettuce leaf. With two cups of beans add one-third of a cup of nut-meat.

Bean Salad.

COOK string beans until tender. When cold stir in small pieces, add a good sized onion and broken English walnut meats. Mix with French dressing and serve on lettuce leaf. With two cups of beans add one-third of a cup of nut-meat.

Love or Infatuation.

Love: I am twenty-three years, and am very much attached to a lady ten years my senior. I think I am only infatuated with her, but find myself miserable when I attempt to break the acquaintance. I did not go to see her for two weeks and it seemed like a

year. When young she became addicted to the use of alcoholic stimulants and tobacco, and is often under the influence of morphine. We are engaged to be married and she promises to give up her bad habits after we get married, but says she wants to enjoy life while she can. What would you advise me to do? DOUBTFUL.

I do not wonder that you are in

grave. The trooper obeyed instantly; they were ordered to visit and remain with a Bedouin camp some thirty miles away on the naked plateau; a camp professedly submissive, but not so much so but that the Bureau deemed it well to profit themselves by the services of the corporal, whose knowledge of Arabic and whose superior intelligence in all such missions rendered him peculiarly fitted for errands that required diplomacy and address as well as daring and fire.

He went thoughtfully out of the noisy, reeking ballroom into the warm luster of the Algerian night; as he went Cigarette, who had been nearer than he knew, flashed full in his eyes the fury of her own sparkling ones, while with a contemptuous laugh she struck him across the lips with the cigar she

hunted at him.

(By Permission of George Munro's Sons.)

STORY OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS. Bertie Cecil, officer in a crack British regiment, and son of a nobleman, was himself the victim of a forgery committed by his younger brother Berkeley, and with his servant, Hake, escaped to Algeria, where the two enlisted in the Chasseurs d'Afrique. He is supposed by his friends to have been killed in a railway accident. Among all who knew Cecil, his dearest friend, the Marquis of Rockingham (known as "the Scorpion"), refused to believe him guilty of the crime. Cecil is the idol of his fellow-soldiers, who follow him for his heroism and become a corporal in the Chasseurs regiment. The hatred of his colonel, the Marquis de Chateaufort, prevents him from rising in military rank. He unexpectedly wins the love of Cigarette, the beautiful, eccentric, regimental wine-seller. She dances for his benefit, but he secretly notices her performance. Then she calls on the other soldiers to join in the dance.

CHAPTER X. (Continued.) A Woman's Rage.

IT was the signal well known, the signal of permission to join in that wild vertigo for which every one of her spectators was panting; their pipes were flung away; their heads tossed off their heads; the music clashed louder, and faster and more dervish with every sound, the chorus of the Marseillaise des Bataillons thundered from a hundred voices—they danced as only men can dance who serve under the French flag and live under the African sun.

Two only looked on—the Chasseur d'Afrique and a veteran of the Tenth Company, famed for life at Masagran.

"Why aren't you dancing?" muttered the veteran to his silent companion.

The Chasseur turned and smiled a little.

"I prefer a bamboula whose music is the cannon, bon pere."

"Bravo! Yet she is pretty enough to tempt you?"

"Yes, too pretty to be unsexed by such a life."

He turned and touched on the shoulder a Chasseur who had paused a moment to get breath in the headlong whirl.

"Come, we are to be with the Diled by

down!"

The trooper obeyed instantly; they were ordered to visit and remain with a Bedouin camp some thirty miles away on the naked plateau; a camp professedly submissive, but not so much so but that the Bureau deemed it well to profit themselves by the services of the corporal, whose knowledge of Arabic and whose superior intelligence in all such missions rendered him peculiarly fitted for errands that required diplomacy and address as well as daring and fire.

He went thoughtfully out of the noisy, reeking ballroom into the warm luster of the Algerian night; as he went Cigarette, who had been nearer than he knew, flashed full in his eyes the fury of her own sparkling ones, while with a contemptuous laugh she struck him across the lips with the cigar she

hunted at him.

"Unsexed! unsexed! Pout! If you have a woman's face, may I not have a man's soul? It is only a fair exchange. I am not Kitten's talk's care of my talents!"

An Overheard Insult.

The words were spoken with the fierceness of Africa; she had too much in her of the spirit of the Zephyrs and the Chacals, with whom her youth had been spent from her cradle up, not to be dangerous when roused; she was off at the bound, and in the midst of the mad whirl again before he could attempt to

soften or efface the words she had overheard, and the last thing he saw of her was in a cloud of Zouaves and Spahis with the wild jangle of the music shaking riotous echoes from the rafters.

But when he had passed out of sight, Cigarette shook herself free from the dancers with petulant impudence; she was not to be allured by flattery or seduced by the delicate peony teeth right, and vowed with a reckless oath that she was tired, that she was sick of them, that she was no strolling player to captivate them with a tambourine, and with that declaration made her way out

alone into the little open court under the stars so cool, so still after the heat, and riot, and turbulence within.

There she dropped on a broad stone step and leaned her head on her hand. "Unsexed! unsexed! What did I mean?" she thought, while for the first time with a vague sense of his meaning, tears welled hot and bitter into her sunny eyes, while the pained color burned in her face. Those tears were the first that she had ever known, and they were cruel ones, though they must not be a little time, there was too much fire in the young Bohemian of the Army not to search them out; they rose. She stamped her foot on the stones passionately, and her teeth were set like a little terrier's as she muttered:

"Unsexed! unsexed! Bah, Malesu! Aristocrati! if you think so, you shall find Cigarette can hate as men hate, and take her revenge as soldiers take theirs!"

grave was closed. Besides, I am safe enough. I am dead."

He was "dead." Therein had lain all his security. Thereby had "Beauty of the Brigades" been buried beyond all discovery in "Bela-a-faire-per." Of the Second Chasseurs d'Afrique. When, on the Marseilles rails, the maceration and slaughter of as terrible an accident as ever befell train rushing through midnight darkness, at headlong speed, had laid himself and the one man faithful to his fortunes unharmed by little less than a miracle, he had seen in the calamity the surest screen from discovery or pursuit.

(By Permission of George Munro's Sons.)

STORY OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS. Bertie Cecil, officer in a crack British regiment, and son of a nobleman, was himself the victim of a forgery committed by his younger brother Berkeley, and with his servant, Hake, escaped to Algeria, where the two enlisted in the Chasseurs d'Afrique. He is supposed by his friends to have been killed in a railway accident. Among all who knew Cecil, his dearest friend, the Marquis of Rockingham (known as "the Scorpion"), refused to believe him guilty of the crime. Cecil is the idol of his fellow-soldiers, who follow him for his heroism and become a corporal